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THE BROTHERS.

BY SPEELANZA (LADY WILDE).

Tis midnight, falls the lamp-light dull and sickly  
On a pale and anxious crowd,  
Through the court, and round the judges thronging  
thickly,

With prayers they dare not speak aloud.  
Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the  
bar—

You can see them through the gloom—  
In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they  
are  
Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on them are keeping,  
Some sobbing sobs a-sweat,

And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,  
So noble and so loved were they.  
Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,  
As before the judges they stand—  
They feel not the deep grief that moves the others,  
For they die for Fatherland.

Their pale, but it is not fear that whitens  
On each proud high brow,  
For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens  
Around them even now,

They thought to free their land from thrall of strangers:  
Was it treason? Let their die;  
But their blood will cry to Heaven—the Avenger  
Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,  
The base Informer bends.

Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,  
While he clasped their hand as friends.  
Ay, could fondle the young children of his victim—  
Break bread with his young wife,  
At the moment that for gold his perfidest dictum  
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping  
Troubled watch till forth the jury come;  
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—  
Guilty!—is the fatal uttered doom.

For a moment o'er the brothers' noble faces  
Came a shadow sad to see,

Then silently they rose up in their places,  
And embraced each other fervently.

O! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,  
The rudest cheek might blanch at such a scene:

Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—To-morrow!—  
Twice faltered, as a woman he had been.

To-morrow!—Fain the elder would have spoken,  
Prayed for respite, though it is Death he fears;  
But thoughts of home and wife his heart had broken,  
And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest, O! he spoke out bold and clearly:  
“I have no tides of children or of wife;

Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly  
Is loved by me than life.”

—Pope martyrs, ye may cease, your days are num bered—

Next noon your sun of life goes down—

One day between the sentence and the scaffold—

One day between the torture and the Crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation—

Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky—

But human hearts weep sore in lamentation.

For the brothers are led forth to die.

Ay, guard them with your cannon and your lances—

So of old came martyrs to the stake;

Ay, guard them—see the people's fishing glances,

For those noble two are dying for their sake.

—TWO HEROES.

Not none spring forth their bonds to sever,  
Ah! I mathinks had I been there, how poor I'd be!

I'd have dived a thousand deaths ere ever

The sword had touched their hair,

From the weeping crowd around;

They're still'd—the noblest heads within the nation—

The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground,

Years have pass'd since that fatal scene of dying,

Yet life-like to this day.

In their coffins still those sever'd heads are lying,

Kept by angels from decay.

O! they priceth us, those still and pallid features—

Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves,

To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,

Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

\*They were buried in St. Michael's Church. The singular preservative quality which the vaults there possess is well known.

IRISH NEWS.

On the 26th ult., the keel of a barquentine clipper, in course of construction by Mr. John Connick, was laid in the enclosure, at the Navy Bank, Dundalk. A large number of the people of the town, including members of the Harbor and Town boards attended, and at six o'clock the keel, which is of American elm, and bolted in three parts, was raised upon the blocks by upwards of one hundred men amidst great cheering. The length of keel is one hundred and twenty feet, the beam twenty-four feet and a half, and the depth of the hold fourteen feet. The ship is to be built of the best Irish oak, copper bottomed and fastened, and sealed inside with greenheart wood brought direct from South America. She is intended for the Newfoundland and Brazilian trade, and will be something over four hundred tons burthen, will class twelve years A 1 at Lloyd's, and will be under the command of Captain Wm. Murray, and will be the first ship ever built in Dundalk.

On the 30th ult., a man named John Whelan fell off a float belonging to Messrs. Caffrey & Sons, brewers, Dublin. The wheels passed over both thighs, and on the unfortunate man being removed to Meath Hospital, life was found to be extinct.

On the 30th ult., the Lord Lieutenant, as Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick, held a Chapter, at the Viceregal Lodge, for the purpose of investing two Knights—the Earl of Carlow and the Marquis of Londonderry. The members composing the Chapter were the Earl of Granard, Lord Lurgan, the Marquis of Drogheda, the Marquess of Waterford, and Viscount Powercourt.

On the 29th ult., a boy named Mervyn, was drowned in the River Barrow, at Pembroke Quay, Carlow, whilst in the set, it is supposed of catching gudgeon. The body was recovered a short distance from the spot where the young fellow fell into the river, and although Doctor McDowell was in prompt attendance, all efforts to restore animation proved unavailing.

After a period of twelve months' darkness,

Drogheda, on the 2d inst., was re-lighted with gas, the Drogheda Gas Light Company having entered into a contract for supplying the public with gas at an expense of 4s. 9d. per light, or per lamp under their former price.

Mr. HENRY DUFFY, schoolmaster at Ardee Workhouse, has been appointed master of the Drogheda Union, in room of the late Mr. Farrelly.

“An industrious family of the name of Colleran, held, at Dromore, from Mr. Nolan Parcell, a farm of 22 acres, at an annual rent of £15 This farm they have occupied for the last twelve years during which time they had paid their rent most punctually. Colleran, unmarred at the time he took the land, had taken to himself a fair young bride two years after he entered into possession, and the youthful couple had seen grow up about them four children, tender pledges of their affection. But last year his husband threw the Collerans into arrest, and Colleran himself was obliged to leave to seek work elsewhere. His wife and four children were evicted for the small arrear of £22. In vain Mrs. Colleran represented that, if allowed to remain in possession until she could rep her meadow she would be in a position to pay up all arrears, and to wait her husband's return to their happy home. Her prayers, her representations were vain, and unless the public come generously to her assistance, she will add one more to the long list of victims of land mis-ligation.

At Galway, on the 1st instant, J. Hansard, Esq., a Parliamentary reporter, while amusing himself by angling, succeeded in hooking a monster salmon. At first, he considered it light, and imagined she could dash it to the bank; but, finding a firm resistance, he struck, and found the fish to give play at a furious rate, taking in the whole range of the river. After a hour's play, and as it was about making under the bridge, he wheeled the fellow to the bank, where he was immediately gaffed. It weighed over 38 pounds, being the largest salmon killed there for years.

Mr. THOMAS SMITH, of the Mall, Sligo, was accidentally drowned while bathing at Finnaburra, on the 27th ult.

At a mineral water manufactory, in Castlebar, a serious conflagration broke out on the 31st ult., supposed to be the work of an incendiary, as some burned wood and coal were found near the premises. After much difficulty the fire was got under, but not until after considerable damage was done. A claim for compensation has been lodged, and a reward offered for the perpetrator of the outrage has been offered.

A VERDICT of wilful murder has been returned at an inquest, held near Castlebar, on the body of a child, against some person or persons unknown. The child died after being inoculated by a quack doctor some days previously.

It is announced that Mr. Kirwan, County Inspector of Constabulary in Meath, is about to be transferred to North Tipperary.

MICHAEL KAPPOON, of Navan, in the county of Meath, gen'l merchant and shopkeeper, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

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They were buried in St. Michael's Church. The singular preservative quality which the vaults there possess is well known.

On the 27th ult., a complimentary dinner was given in Harbisons Hotel, Cookstown, to Mr. Charles James, on the occasion of his being appointed manager of a branch of the Ulster Bank at Ballinrobe. A large number of Mr. James's numerous friends sat down to dinner—the chair being filled by Henry Graves.

PATRICK HAWES, of Mell, near Drogheda, in the county of Louth, canvas manufacturer, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

On the 22nd ult., a farmers daughter named Vaughan, living near Fremont, Charleville, met her death whilst haymaking. After finishing a “wind,” she was in the act of striking the side from the top when she slipped, and, falling on the pitchfork which she held, the fork pierced her body, and death ensued in a short time afterwards.

A man named John Walsh has served notice of his intention to apply to the Special Sessions, at the end of Maam, Askeaton, of Galway, for a sum of £30, as compensation for a boat, which it was alleged was maliciously injured or burned on the night of the 19th of July, at Doors, on the shores of Lough Corrib.

On the 27th ult., as Miss Gertrude Whyte, daughter of Col. J. Whyte of Newtown Manor, Five-mileburn, was driving home in company with a maid servant, from Sligo, she was fired at, at a place called Carrickfad, on the border of the counties of Sligo and Leitrim, and within a short distance of her father's residence. The shot was fired so close to her that the smoke entered the carriage (an open one). The lady escaped uninjured, and it is plain what took place was that some person on the road was firing at a rabbit or something else when Miss Whyte was passing, and fearing he might be discovered, as it was on her father's property made his escape.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

### MEMORIES.

BY T. D. O'KEE.

I left two loves on a distant strand,  
One young, and fond, and fair, and bland;  
One fair, and old, and sadly grand,—  
My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously  
Beneath the roof that mine should be;  
One stith ably-like, by the sea,  
Chanting a song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen  
Lies by the heart that mine hath been.—  
A cypress wreath darlist now, I ween,  
Upon the brow of my love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away,  
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;  
But my other love on earth shall stay,  
And live in the life of a better day.

We were here my first love was,  
My fires were here to my holy cause;  
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,  
A mother of men and blessed laws.

I hope and strive, he while I sigh,  
For I know my first love cannot die;  
From the chain of woes that loom so high  
Her reign shall reach to eternity.

Mr. John McCrea.

A MAN EIGHTY YEARS OLD, AND IN HIS FOURTH  
YEAR IN JAIL WITHOUT TRIAL.

(From the Dublin Irishman.)

There are powers exercised under custom and prescription by judges in the Courts of Chancery, which the public should view with considerable suspicion and alarm, and reasonably look to the Legislature for some restraining explanation of the limit to which these powers should be exercised. At present they can be exercised without limit, and have been exercised so as to work cruel wrong.

The following is stated to be a good law: For contempt of Court there is no Habeas Corpus. So, where a commitment for contempt took place in the Chancery Court, of the Isle of Man, the Court of Queen's Bench (London) held that they could not, on Habeas Corpus, review the adjudication.

It will be seen at once that this is a very exorbitant power to be vested in the hands of any man of any condition whatsoever, and especially in the hands of a judge who owes his position to party politics, going out and in with the Ministry, and who may be neither remarkable for learning, or ability, or temper. These exorbitant powers are set in motion by affidavit, not by trial, but by affidavit and motion of counsel who knows the facts only from his brief, and not from the mouth of witnesses examined in open Court, but from the skilful concoction of a "gentleman attorney." We make these observations on *The Report of the Inspector-General of Prisons (Ireland) 1873.* In that report, which is now in general circulation, the Inspectors-General, Lenihan and Bourke, state that they have again called attention to the case of John McCrea, confined in Omagh Gaol (Tyrone), for contempt of Court. The man is in the eightieth year of his age, and in the fourteenth year of his imprisonment!!!

The Inspectors-General consider the case one of gross injustice, and they state that they have repeatedly called attention to it, and that the Chancellor's secretary is in correspondence with the solicitors who procured his arrest. On the subject, as is usual with all other matters in Chancery, we presume to say the correspondence will be brought to a close when the unfortunate old farmer lies in his grave—or when he is turned adrift on the world, homeless, and a beggar.

The prisoners forwarded a memorial for enquiry and release, in December, 1873, to the Lord Chancellor, and a similar memorial to the Home Secretary, in June last, who referred it to the authorities in Dublin Castle—and though many months have elapsed the authorities in Dublin Castle have not found leisure to answer him a plain question—"are her Majesty's goals to be converted into engines of extortion?"—a question which plainly covers a great deal of matter worth enquiry by those who wish the law to run in pure channels.

The curiosity of the case is, that the unfortunate prisoner always, the Inspectors-General note, bend over and willing to obey the direction of the Chancery Court, as the Court itself could establish beyond doubt, if it called him before it, and brought the attorneys who procured his previous imprisonment face to face with him—a course which would be very useful for public enlightenment.

In relation to this prisoner, Mr. O'Connor Power addressed a question to the Attorney-General for Ireland—he was asked, Mr. Cecil Moore, Sessional Crown Solicitor for Tyrone, still in that office. The Attorney-General replied that he was so, pending enquiry. Mr. Cecil Moore himself, on the 11th July last, on the threabouts, addressed the *Freeman's Journal*, taking Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P., to task for his question in Parliament, and explaining that he was not, then solicitor for John McCrea, having written so to McCrea two days before; and also that another solicitor had moved or procured McCrea's arrest. Of course, Mr. O'Connor Power will move for McCrea's Memorials to the Irish Chancellor, and the Executive in Dublin Castle, and the Home Office, and the correspondence of the Chancellor's Secretary with the attorneys, and the report of the officials of the jail, on the case.

The production of these documents will be very satisfactory and go to establish that the powers of the Court of Chancery can be abused, and have been abused, by some one, and that this curious case may become a stigma on the Executive.

Of course, if McCrea was a Fenian, or a Fenian suspect the master would be widely different. Every one knows such persons can expect anything else than justice or equity; in fact, they are outside the law and beyond the justice of justice. But John McCrea is very loyal—perhaps being a Presbyterian, that, however, may admit of doubt—but he boasts in his memoir that he always voted as a Tory. This fact makes no difference to us. We only refer to the case as one which ought to lead to legislative interference for the public safety. We have seen it stated that the Lundy Laws have been worked by magistrates under Earl Spencer's Government to get rid of obnoxious persons. The writ of attachment for contempt might be worked as an engine for similar purposes, and, therefore, requires to be looked to with some jealousy. Is the County Chairman of Tyrone too dignified to visit this old man in his solitary cell, where he passes his days picking oakum, or did the judges who went circuit of Jail Delivery for such an existence? Well, how handsomely the wolf in the fable could assume the language of justice and morality.

Dr. Jones, Principal of Barnwood College, Tavistock, England, gave an exhibition about a month ago of the effect of tungstate of soda upon timber. The experiment went to show that timber saturated with a hot salution of tungstate of soda is rendered hard and durable and almost uninflammable.

### Irish Prosperity.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Irish Viceroys have been compelled to acquire skill in the art of highly-tinted political picture-drawing. They are brought constantly close to unpleasant facts, which are most usefully dealt with by ignoring them, and it is their business to select and marshal in trim theatrical order all the elements of pleasure and hopefulness that can be called from the whole field of moral and material growth of Ireland. Lord Carlisle was a distinguished master of this sort of eloquence. The country during his vicariate was trembling on the brink of the Fenian outbreak, and this Lord Carlisle was probably well aware; yet by judiciously managing his lights and shades, and scientifically manipulating the realities of material progress, he was able to produce the impression that everything in Ireland, moral and political as well as material, was going merrily as marriage bells. The worst of this system was that it gave the disloyal factions in Ireland, and the enemies of order and propriety, the advantages of a surprise. When the Fenian conspiracy came to a head—when the epidemic of agrarian crime in the midland counties shocked and alarmed the whole community—the feeling of disappointment was very strong; and for this disappointment a great part of the blame must be attributed to the "prosperity speeches" with which the country had become familiar in the course of Viceregal progress. Lord Carlisle's fault—and we are glad to see it is one which the Duke of Abercorn avoided at Wexford the other day—was that, not satisfied with showing that the improvement of the material conditions of life in Ireland was such as ought to make the people contented with the social and political system under which that improvement was possible, he went on to assume that the argument—which, no doubt, carried complete conviction to his own mind—must be equally effective to the masses of the Irish people. The change in Ireland towards England and imperial rule ought to take place, Lord Carlisle felt, because the agricultural and industrial resources of Ireland were being developed—because money was accumulating in the Irish banks, and the Irish peasants were fed and dressed and taught as they never had been before. To place implicit faith in the miracle-moving power of this morsel of logic, and to suppose that by its mere statement it works conversion, can only lead to disappointment. The Duke of Abercorn did not attempt any rhetorical prestidigitation of this kind. He stated the acknowledged facts of material progress, and left the Irish people to connect them in their own minds with the ideas of loyalty and order. The Duke of Abercorn was able to refute in a satisfactory manner some discouraging and damaging reports that have lately gained currency in reference to the spread of foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland. The type of the disorder, he says, is very mild, and there are now only sixty-nine farms in the whole of the country which are under supervision as being contaminated by the disease or suspected of it.

### BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.

#### California Brass Works.

**WEED & KING WELL,**  
No. 125 First St.,  
Opposite Minerva  
Hotel, San Francisco.  
Manufacturers of all kinds of Brass,  
Copper, Zinc, Tin, Lead, and  
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Bells on hand and made to order. Also a full  
assortment of Standard  
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Sheeting Nails, and Rudder Braces.

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Highest market price paid for old Bells, Copper and Brass.

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Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters,  
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All work warranted.

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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us; it is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen, written by Irishmen, and means what it deserves to mean. Art should express Irish thoughts and beliefs; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sparkle the walls of every home, our poetry and prose fill the air with the fragrance of the race of man full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch with their masts; it would give them to move the world, and to make any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than scarce here now; the fame of Ireland enhanced by their genius and valor. The independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVEY.  
"Who is a subject enough to despise the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?" JOHN MICHIE, Oct. 25th, 1853.

## COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....	Norfolk Co., Contra Costa Co.
PETER REEDS.....	Solano City, Monterey Co.
ARTHUR ATTITUDE.....	Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co.
THOMAS QUINN.....	Palo Alto, San Mateo Co.
MICHAEL LEONARD.....	Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co.
THOS. OAKES.....	San Jose, Santa Clara Co.
JOHN P. BARSFIELD.....	Sacramento, Sacramento Co.
JAS. CADDEN.....	Julian City, San Diego Co.
BERNARD McCREESE.....	Oceanside City, Del Norte Co.
DANIEL HARLEY.....	Vallejo, Solano Co.
BARTHOLOMEW CONGAN.....	Virginia City, Nev.
WILLIAM REDMOND.....	Gold Hill, Nev.
THOMAS WOGAN.....	Silver City, Nev.
JOHN L. HEIDY.....	Merced City, Merced Co.
DANIEL F. HAYES.....	Denver, Colorado.
F. M. GARROLL.....	San Diego.
J. A. MULDOWNEY.....	Stockton.
JAMES McGOVERN.....	Gilroy.

We would call the attention of our delinquent subscribers, to the fact that they are in our debt, and that we cannot afford to let them continue so. We use our best endeavors to give every one who takes the NATIONALIST value for their money, and at the same time to advocate the cause which we hold to be paramount—the independence of Ireland. It is on these grounds that we call, in the name of ordinary honesty, for a settlement of these long-outstanding debts. We have, this week, sent bills to all our subscribers who are delinquent, which show the amount of their indebtedness. We hope our appeal will meet with a prompt response. We strive to do our duty; we hope our friends will do the same.

## Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC on Irish Soil.

The office of THE IRISH NATIONALIST has been removed to 423 Washington street, near Sansom, Room 3 and 4.

## Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States is 20c per annum, or 5c per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

The subscription price of the IRISH NATIONALIST to city subscribers, is 40 cents per month.

Mr. J. A. Muldowney is our authorized agent in Stockton and San Joaquin County. He will receive subscriptions and advertisements for the IRISH NATIONALIST, and receipt for the same.

Some of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding at once to this office the trifling amounts of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

Mr. P. McDonough has kindly consented to act as agent in Napa city and County. He is authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. K., Los Angeles—We agree with you that mere talk will not gain the independence of Ireland—and for that reason have advised organization among the Irish in America. But we know you are mistaken about the squandering of the funds you allude to. We do not say that all were perfect, but the vast majority of them made heroic sacrifices. Charged of stealing money, etc. should not be made by any worthy Irishman indiscriminately. It is one of the weapons of the enemy to divide and keep us in subjection.

Please inform me which was the first Irish society that marched in procession in San Francisco? who was it who carried the flag on that occasion? who was it that preached on that day (St. Patrick's), for then there was no appointed orator, and what is the name of the Society if such a society is now existing?

W. B. DUNNE, M. D.

(Will some member of our Irish societies answer the foregoing questions?) ED. NATIONALIST.

We are glad to see that our views on the part to be taken by the Irish of America in this country's politics have been endorsed by several of our Eastern contemporaries. There is no question but there exists a necessity for Irishmen to take a decided stand on these questions, and that their position should be a prominent one. We must be able to make a striking change for the better at the next election.

AMONGST our exchanges we welcome with no ordinary pleasure the "Toledo Review," published in Toledo, O. It is a sprightly, patriotic paper, and devoted to the best interests of the Irish race.

## Unity—Its Power and Advantages.

It would be difficult to account for the attitude assumed by some of the leaders of public opinion toward the Irish people in this city were it not for the fact that England's conquering policy has been so widely diffused and so well known. It is even true that this weapon is used by Englishmen who have the aid and cover of the press for that purpose. It is also true that many of our own countrymen, appreciating the policy of England, have striven to divide and keep apart the Irish people, for their own sordid purposes. And unfortunately it is much easier to stir up strife and divide, than to heal differences and unite. We are too prone to accept anything disparaging of each other, while we overlook the faults of people who are not of our stock. The very opposite should be the case. We should guard the honor of Ireland by guarding and defending the honor of each other. It is not enough that we are children of a common soil; we should show our appreciation of that fact by unity in all things, and a respect for one another.

We hold it to be the solemn duty of the NATIONALISTS to urge upon our countrymen the absolute necessity of adopting a policy which will secure them influence and respect here, and make them more formidable enemies of the perjured nation which holds Ireland in chains. We claim that this policy is simply unity. We have, therefore, availed ourselves of every opportunity to call on our countrymen to unite; to set aside the petty differences which give rise to distrust of each other, and which leave them a helpless prey to designing knaves. We have called their attention to the unity which exists among the native-born of all foreign countries—the Germans, French, Spanish, and even the Italians. We have shown them that the foreign-born citizens of our country are more respected, command more influence, and hold more power than the Irish, because, no matter how small their number, they are united. This we have done in pursuance of the mandate of a conscience which has never knowingly prompted an utterance adverse to the interests of our countrymen here or in Ireland.

There is not a people in the world who should so thoroughly appreciate the advantages of unity as the Irish. For more than seven centuries they have been kept under England's iron heel, and have supported her titled puppers in luxury and regal pomp, even when millions of their race died of hunger—not through the agency of steel, or leaden bullets, or great guns, but by that more formidable weapon which England has never for a moment laid down, Division. The Irish are not cowards—they shrink not from danger; no foe is too formidable for them to meet. Whether on their native soil, or soldiering for strangers, they have always crowned their career with the luster of bravery. It is only before Unity that they reel, stagger, retreat, fly in disorder. Unity is a fortress which they have been unable to storm for seven centuries, because it is defended by division. 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### General T. F. Meagher.

The following speech is certainly one of the most brilliant and impressive ever delivered by the gifted T. F. Meagher. When speaking it he knew he had to argue against opinions better calculated to awaken the enthusiasm, to kindle the imagination, and fire the blood, of a Celtic audience. He had to plead in favor of a lamer policy than that advocated by some of his friends—to recommend a continuance of constitutional effort at a time when they were advocating a policy of insurrection. He felt that he was at a disadvantage, but he overcame it by throwing his whole soul into his work, and bringing to the support of his views a wondrous wealth of eloquence, argument, illustration, and everything that could strengthen and adorn an appeal to the feelings as well as to the reason of the assembly he addressed. This speech was delivered in a debate of the Irish Confederation, held in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey street, Dublin, on Friday, the 5th of February, 1848. The question at issue, which had been raised by resolutions of William Smith O'Brien, designed to dissociate the Confederation from the opinions of Mr. Mitchel with regard to the desirability and necessity of immediately adopting a war policy was debated for three days, and on division being taken, on an amendment proposed by Mr. Mitchel, the resolutions, which were supported by Mr. O'Brien, Mr. J. B. Dillon, Mr. Meagher, Mr. Duffy, and other members of the Confederation, were carried by a majority of 317 to 188. To this result the following splendid oration very powerfully contributed:

My friend, Mr. Mitchel—whom I shall never cease to trust and admire—has brought the real question at issue, most conveniently for me, into the smallest possible space. "The real question," he says, "which we have to decide is, whether we are to keep up the constitutional and parliamentary agitation or not? For my part," he adds, "I am weary of this constitutional agitation." Now, that is precisely the question, and most nearly reduced into a nutshell. You have to decide whether this constitutional agitation is to be given up or not. You are to say whether you, too, are weary of it or not.

Previous, however, to our going into the merits of this constitutional agitation, I think that upon one point we are quite agreed—all agree that, whatever policy we may adopt, all this vague talk should cease with which your ears have been vexed for so long a period. All this vague talk about a crisis is at hand—shouts of defiance—Louis Philippe is upwards of seventy—France remembers Waterloo—the first gun fired Europe—all this obscure babble—all this meaningless mysticism—must be swept away. Ten thousand guns fired in Europe would announce no glad tidings to you if their lightning flashed upon you in a state of disorganization and incertitude. Sir, I know of no nation that has won its independence by an accident. Trust blindly to the future—wait for the tide in the affairs of men, which takes at the flood, leads on to fortune—envelop yourselves in mist—leave everything to chance, and be assured of this, the most propitious opportunities will arise and pass away, leaving you to chance—masters of no weapons—scholars of no science—incompetent to decide—irresolute to act—powerless to achieve. This was the great error of the Repeal Association. From a labyrinth of difficulties there was no avenue open to success. The people were kept within this labyrinth—they moved round and round—backwards and forwards—there was perpetual motion, but no advance. In this bewilderment are you content to wander until a sign appears in "Heaven," and the mystery is dispelled by a miracle? Have you no clear intelligence to direct you to the right path, and do you fear to trust your footsteps to the guidance of that mind with which you have been gifted? Do you prefer to substitute a driftless superstition in place of a determined system—groping and fumbling after possibilities, instead of seizing the agencies within your reach? This, indeed, would be a blind renunciation of your powers, and thus, indeed, the virtue you prize so justly—the virtue of self-reliance—would be extinguished in you. To this you will not consent. You have too sure a confidence in the resources you possess to leave to chance what you can accomplish by design. A deliberate plan of action is then essential—something positive—something definite. This you require, and upon this you have this night to determine. From what suggestions then, are we to shape our course? Is it not come to this, that we have to choose between a constitutional policy and an insurrection. Is an insurrection probable? If probable, is it practicable? Prove to me that it is, and I, for one, will vote for it this very night. You know well, my friends, that I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth a drop of blood. Men who subscribe to such a maxim are fit for out-door relief, and for nothing better. Against this miserable maxim, the noblest virtue that has served and sanctioned humanity appears in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis—from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory—from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko—from the convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George u., on the plains of Ulster has tumbled into dust—from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerian so long had scared the eagles of the Pyrenees—from the dusky palace in that kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and sedulous Geraldine enhances, more than royal favor, the nobility of his race—from the solitary grave which, within this mute city, a dying request has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had its sacrifice, or its triumph, voice breaks in upon the straining crowd that cheer this wretched nation, oh! away—away with it! "Would to God, sir, that we could take every barrack in the island this night, and our blood purchase the independence of our country. It is not then a pedantic reverence for command—it is not a needless devotion to a diadem and sceptre—it is not, a whining solicitude for the preservation of the species—that dictates the vote I give this night in favor of a constitutional movement. I support this constitutional policy not from choice, but from necessity. My strongest feelings are in favor of the policy advised by Mr. Mitchel. I wish to God that I could defend that policy. It is a policy which calls forth the noblest passions—it kindles genuine generosity, heroism—it is far removed from the tricks and crimes of politics—for the young, the gallant, and the good, it has the most powerful attractions. In the history of this kingdom the names that burn above the dust and desolation of the past—like the lamps in the old sepulchres of Rome—shed their glory round the

principles of which a deep conviction of our weakness compels me this night to be the opponent; and in being their opponent, I almost blush to think that the voice of one whose influence is felt through this struggle more powerfully than any other—one who unites the genius of Madame Roland with the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and whose noble lyric will bid this cause to live for ever—I almost blush to think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines :

"And the becoming angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,  
Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown."

Just look for a moment to our position. To an insurrectionary movement the priesthood are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the middle classes are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the aristocracy are opposed. To give effect to this opposition, 50,000 men, equipped and paid by England, occupy the country at this moment. Who, then, are for it? The mechanics and the peasant classes, we are told. These classes, you will tell us, have lost all faith in legal agency, and, through such agencies, despair of the slightest exemption from their suffering. Stung to madness day by day gazing upon the wreck and devastation that surround them, until the brain whirls like a ball of fire—they see but one red pathway, lined with gibbets and hedge, with iron nets, leading to deliverance? Have these classes, upon whom alone you now rely, the power to sweep aside the tremendous obstacles that confront them? You know they have not. Without discipline, without arms, with food, disengaged by the law, starved by the law, demoralized by the law, opposed to the might of England, that would have the weakness of a vapor. Yes, but you have said so far, what do you maintain? You maintain that an immediate insurrection is not designed. Well, then, you confess your weakness, and then let me ask you, when you remove the objection you urge against the policy we propose? The country cannot afford to wait until the legal means have been fully tested—that is your objection. And yet you will not urge the disease upon the spot—you will permit it to take its course—your remedy is remote. Thus, it appears there is delay in both cases—no, upon this question of time, you are entitled to pair off.

But, at no time, you will legal means prevail—public opinion is nonsense—constitutional agitation is a downright delusion. Tell me, then, if an understanding when we founded the Irish Confederation, this time twelve months, that if public opinion failed to repeal the Act of Union in a year, at the end of a year it should be scouted as a "humbug". When you established this Confederation in January, 1847—when you set up for yourselves—did you agree with public opinion for a year only? Was that the agreement, and will you not serve it with a notice to quit? If so, take my advice and break up the establishment at once.

After all, look to your great argument against the continuance of a parliamentary or constitutional movement. The constituencies are corrupt; they will not return virtuous representatives; the tree shall be known by its fruits. The constituencies are known persons, cowards, cowards, & sans reproche, within the trenches. The Thematics of the polling-booth will be the Achilles of the Tyrants. Your argument comes to this, that the constituencies of Ireland will be said, "so as by fire"; they will acquire morality in the shooting gallery; and in the art of prostitution they will learn the path to Paradise.

These constituencies constitute the elite of the Democracy. And is it you, who stand up for the Democracy, that urge this argument? To be purified and saved, do you decree that this nation must writh in the agonies of a desperate circumlocution? Has it not felt the knife long since? And if its salvation depended upon a flow of blood, had it not poured out torments, into a thousand graves, deep enough and swift enough to earn the blessing long before our day. Spend no more until you are certain of the purchase. Nor do I wish that this movement should become a mere Democratic movement, and if it is to one class, decide that it shall be a Democratic movement, and nothing else—what then? You augment the power that is opposed to you; the revolution will provoke a counter-revolution; Paris will be attacked by the emigrants as well as by the Austrians.

You attach little importance to the instance cited by Mr. Ross. Poland is no warning to us.

The Polish peasants cut the throats of the Polish nobles, and before the Vistula had washed away the blood the free city of Cracow was proclaimed a dungeon.

So much for the war of classes. No; I am not for a Democratic, but I am for a national movement; not for a movement like that of Paris in 1793, but for a movement like that of Brussels in 1830; like that of Palermo in 1848. If you think differently, say so. If you are weary of this "constitutional movement"—if you despair of this "combination of classes"—decide so boldly, and let this night terminate the career of the Irish Confederation.

Yet, upon the brink of this abyss, listen for a moment to the voice that speaks to you from the vaults of Mount Saint Jerome; and if you distrust the advice of the friend who now addresses you—she has done something to assist you, and who, I believe, has not been unfaithful to you in some moments of difficulty, and, perhaps, of danger—if you do not trust me, listen at least, to the voice of one who has been raised to his grave amid the tears and prayers of all classes of his countrymen, and of whose courage and whose truth there has never yet been uttered the slightest doubt: "Be bold, but honest; be brave, but sober; patient, earnest, striving and untiring. You have sworn to be the bulwark for your comfort here and your well-being hereafter. Be temperate now, for the honor, the happiness, the immortality of your country; not trustfully and trustfully to one another; watch, wait, and leave the rest to God."

The Lighthouse at Hueneme has just been completed.

The burnt district in China will be immediately rebuilt.

This new warehouse at Santa Barbara is about completed.

There was an earthquake at Calistoga on Wednesday morning.

A ledge of chalk, eight feet wide, was last week discovered within a few miles of Monterey.

### Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water.

(From the N. Y. Sunday Democrat.)

The Boston Pilot has an excellent article upon the above subject. It openly and fearlessly tells Irishmen that the fault lies with themselves that they are the mere slaves and serfs of politicians and political parties. It generally quotes articles from the Commercial Advertiser and Sunday Democrat in support of its assertions that the vote of the Irish is prostituted, to their own disadvantage, by cunning politicians and sectarian bigots. The Pilot is a leading Irish-American journal and is conducted with great fairness and discipline, and skill—discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines :

"And the becoming angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,

Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown."

It should be disbanded, and that, for a time at least, we must plow on in the old course, until we acquire strength and discipline, and skill—discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to

think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines :

"And the becoming angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,

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The Fenians have held a convention, have again revived the spark of patriotism that before animated them, and have agreed that the past should be no discouragement to them since it has been shown that through them many concessions have been wrung from England in favor of the Old Land. Through them the bloated Established Church has been pulled down in Ireland, and a heavy weight has been lifted from the shoulders of the people. Through them the right of Irish people to manage their own affairs has been mentioned, and is now spoken of as a right that should be respected, as it is Ireland's own and must be granted.

The idea itself which the Fenians have in view, and which is the soul of the movement, is a noble one and deserves to be cherished. This idea unites the Irish of America, and reminds them of the wrongs and woes of the past seven hundred years, and also of the fact that though in America they owe a duty to the Old Land, which should be paid even if it takes their heart's blood. Ireland is to-day wronged, oppressed. Her sons are still under the yoke and it wouldily become those who are far from it, galling in a foreign land to forget their brothers who are not so fortunate. It may be fashionable to forget Ireland and to deny her as one's home, but it is to be hoped that the number of such fashionable Irishmen is very small. It would be a disgrace to the name and honor of Ireland if they were other than few.

It may be asked, what can the Irish in America do for Ireland? This may be answered by asking, what can't they do if they only try?

The Germans do so, and they command respect and influence. The Americans do so—all other nationalities do so—and what is the result?

While we Irish are merely flung from the cradle to the political table, the meanest of them sit down and banquet at the feast.

The Pilot contrasts the political degradation of the Irish in New York with those in Massachusetts :

"The Massachusetts Democrats held their annual convention in Worcester last week; and in Massachusetts, as in New York, the mass of the Democrats are Irish-Americans. Take away the Irish voters from Massachusetts. Democracy, and there isn't a skeleton left, but only a few dry bones. And yet there is not one representative of the Irish people on the State ticket adopted at Worcester last week."

"Do the Irish-American Democrats mean to stand this sort of thing? Out of respect for themselves and the people they represent, such men as the Hon. P. A. Collins and John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, should have exposed the partiality in the Massachusetts Convention. They will be raising no new issue to divide the party. The issue is already raised—raised by those who systematically exclude Irish voters from honorable nominations.

"Are the Irish voters satisfied to do the work while others get the credit and the place of trust? Are they willing to admit that they have not a man fit to be placed on a State ticket? Can they not see that they are the leaders of the party, while others assume to be the brains?"

We are afraid that we must answer the Pilot by stating that they do mean to stand it. Let but a few slimy Irish, politicians buttonhole them and talk of their duty to "the party" (bless the mark!) and they will be wheedled into the belief that they should vote for Luther, a Know-Nothing, or the Devil, if he was only on the ticket that the party in caucus made for them, without the least regard or consideration for their views or interest.

The "Pilot," after showing how the Irish were thrown aside in making the State ticket, says :

"It is time, this game was played out. If the Irish are the main body of the Democratic party, and if they have honest and able men to represent them, they have a clear right to honorable places on the State ticket. They have a right to this, and they must have this. It is an impudent assumption in the Democratic Conventions that no Irishman is to be placed on the ticket; and if the Irish-American Democrats stand it, they deserve no better. We hope this is the last Democratic State ticket that will call for such criticism. Next year we shall call our reader's attention to this matter before the State Conventions are held."

We agree with our contemporary that it is time that such a fraud should be played out, and that Irishmen should stand up like men for their rights, and combine to secure them.

On our State ticket, too, we find that while great pains were taken to conciliate the Germans by giving them the second place on the ticket, not the slightest attention was paid to the claims of the Irish, and they were not recognized as worthy of a place among the nominations. We are glad that intelligent Irishmen are waking up to a sense of their degraded, humiliated condition as the mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to "the party."

In proof of this, within the past week delegations have called upon us asking our advice as to the best course to pursue in the coming elections, and also as to the best plans of organizing independent clubs.

We call upon Irish-Americans to reflect seriously upon their ostracized position, and to take, in all the wards of this city, such steps as will compel the politicians to give them a just recognition and the Know-Nothings to forgive their bitter hostility and opposition to our people and race.

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Opp. The Mechanics' Fair,

BETWEEN 7TH AND 8TH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

W. L. CHURCH,

PROMPTLY AND ACCURATELY DONE. SUM-

MONS. ETC., SERVED. COLLECTIONS MADE, ETC.

ROOM 16, MONTGOMERY BLOCK, SAN FRANCISCO.

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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

## THE CAPTURE OF RED HUGH O'DONNELL.

(The kidnapping of Red Hugh O'Donnell is perhaps better known than any of the other family histories of Ireland. Red Hugh was born about 1871, and was fostered by his relative, the O'Doherty of Inishowen. From youth upwards, the beauty of his person, his courage, and literary acquirements, were the subject of praise and admiration throughout Ireland. Jealousy and fear of those qualities so early developed in the presumptive heir of the Chief of Tyrconnell, alarmed Sir John Perrot, then Lord Justice of Ireland. Under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth he determined upon getting Hugh into his hands, although at this very time Hugh's father was an ally of the English, against the O'Neills, Prince of Tyrone. To gain possession of young Hugh, a ship was fitted up in the summer of 1587, laden with some Spanish wines and other liquors; she sailed for Lough Swilly, where she soon cast anchor. Under the guise of a Spanish merchantman, the Captain decoyed young O'Donnell and a few of his friends on board to purchase some wines. Amongst these were Henry and Art, the sons of Con O'Neill. No sooner were they safely in the cabin, when they were invited to taste the wines, than the hatches were closed—they were then heavily ironed, and brought up to Dublin Castle as prisoners. After more than three years' confinement they escaped one stormy winter's night, in making their way towards the Wicklow mountains, the blinding violence of a snow storm impeded their progress, until exhausted by fatigue and worn out by the toilsome journey, young Art O'Neill laid down and died in his bed of snow. O'Donnell and Henry O'Neill were found by the O'Byrnes in Glengormore beside their dead companion, so benumbed and frost-bitten that they were unable to walk. Having been treated hospitably by the head of the clan, they pursued their way through Meath, Drogheda, Dundalk, and Dungannon, to the castle of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who kindly but privately, for fear of the vengeance of the English government, entertained them for four nights and days. On the arrival of Red Hugh in his father's territory, he was elected Chief, and upon the request of his father, who was advanced in years, he was solemnly inaugurated and proclaimed "The O'Donnell" on 2d May, 1592. He entered at once into a solemn league with the Earl of Tyrone to extirpate the English root and branch. After the defeat of the Spaniards at Kinsale under Don Juan in 1602, he went to Spain to urge the immediate fulfilment of the King's promise to send another army to aid the Irish. In traveling from Corunna to have a personal interview with the King, who was at Valladolid, he reached only as far as Simancas, where he died of a broken heart on the 31st September, 1602. Thus perished a great captain, the flower of Irish chivalry, and the most dangerous and uncompromising foe of English rule in Ireland.)

On the calm ocean's purple breast the kindling sun  
beams sleep,  
And scarce a ripple mars the picture mirrored on the  
deep;  
From the cliffs of Donegal like bristling armes stand,  
With nature's rough-hewn battlements, to sentinel the  
land.

No hand hath carved those giant rocks, the tempest and  
the wave,  
Shaped, in their maddening revelry, the column, arch,  
and cave:  
Where foot of man hath never trod, the eagle's fabled  
nest.  
Bush from their eyrie in the cleft, above the threatening  
cloud.

Upon the horizon's distant verge, a stately ship appears,  
Right onward to the welcome shore, her course she  
proudly steers;  
Her white sails glow like silver sheets, her spars like  
shirts of gold,  
Her freight—a store of Spanish wines—deep hidden in  
the hold.

Beneath the noon-day radiance, her cables brightly  
gleam,  
In dim lessening distance, like silver cords they seem—  
She cleaves the waters gallantly through the white path  
of spray,  
Some mermaid's hand hath surely strewn with pearls  
her glittering way.

'Mid the cold waters struggling, the fleet ship hastens  
on;  
The stranded rocks and shoals are passed, the land is  
safely won,  
Beneath O'Donnell's castle towers in wild Tirconnell's  
bay, ——————  
The Saxon fur the sails, and quick the ponderous  
anchor weigh.

The chieftain, from the ramparts, hails the good ship's  
trust band,  
And, with an Irish greeting, bids them welcome to the  
land:  
"O, larry here, the night comes on, no farther shall ye  
roam,  
For ever in Tirconnell's halls, the stranger finds a  
home!"

They may not stay—the wind blows fair, and, ere the  
morrow rise,  
Their bark must spread her swelling sails 'neath colder,  
darker skies;  
Mayhap the Prince would graciously their simple ban-  
quet share,  
For royalty hath oftentimes partook their fragal fare.  
No need to press the warm appeal, the generous prince,  
Red Hugh

Unguarded, quits the fortress walls, and stands amid  
the crew:  
"Down with the hatches, set the sails, we've won the  
wished-for prize,  
Above the rebel's prison cell to-morrow's sun shall  
rise."

Entasted foun the Spanish wine—the board is spread  
in vain,  
The hand that waved a welcome forth is shackled by a  
chain,  
Yet faster, faster through the deep, the vessel giddeth on—  
Tirconnell's towers like phantoms fade, the last faint  
trace is gone.

O! trusting prince betrayed and lost, through Saxon  
treachery,  
Let those who mourn thy fate take heed, for they may  
fall like thee;  
The flowers they tender to our grasp but veil the hidden  
thorn,  
And neath the smiling mask of love, the frown of  
hatred's worn.

The certificate of attorney Charles Frederick  
Fawcett and Ellen Wrenshaw Grant is now at  
the Executive Mansion, and will soon be sent to  
Mrs. Fawcett, at her home in England. It  
is an elaborate piece of illuminated parchment,  
inclosed in a gilt frame, about 20 by 22 inches.  
The certificate is surrounded by an elaborate  
border, with the monogram of the parties in  
each corner, and surmounted by the coats of  
arms of England and the United States.

## John Mitchel.

(From the Harp.)

The history of nations is marked by epochs, in which life seems to burn with unusual intensity, and a new course is given to the current of existence. Of these Ireland has had, perhaps, more than her share, various in character and extent. Not the least remarkable, by the force of vital energy displayed, nor the least tragic, by the painful circumstances which surrounded it, was that period of history of which John Mitchel survives to speak, himself a prominent actor in the drama. His return to his native land, after the long lapse of a quarter of a century, is in itself a fact of pathetic interest; for it is a bitter thing at best, and to those whose emotions centre on their country, it is a double and abiding pain of loss to head and heart. But that interest receives an unwonted increase from this, that in him we have a visitor from another era, as surely as though he had risen from the dead, or stepped forth in all the vigor of life from the storied canvas of Macbie. The path of Time, like the Roman road, is marked by the tombs of distinguished men, and during the past quarter of a century—the stated lifetime of a generation—Ireland has given of her best. But the vacant space where moved her principle men—that void which is in itself an epitaph—cannot more strike the home returning exile than the change which denotes that an era has passed away. When last he gazed upon this country, it lay prostrate under the ravages of a famine whose effects, as Lord Brougham said, "surpassed anything in the pages of Thucydides, or the canvas of Poussin, in the dismal chasm of Dante." The political atmosphere was not less charged with chilling gloom than was the land with desolation. The splendid hopes which the genius of O'Connell had inspired, and from which like a brilliant star sprang the Constitution of Grattan toward a future of fair, over-arching an expectant nation, had faded and vanished before the thunderbolts of order and famine that shadowed their despairing faces.

When the first Napoleon, in his Titanic struggle with destiny, having failed in his supreme effort, was humbled from escaping to the great Western Republic, he was taken, on board the Northumbrian, to that island which was fated to be his prison and his grave. That same year witnessed O'Connell's fatal duel with D'Estre, and the challenge sent by Peel in answer to his defiance. It witnessed also, the birth of that John Mitchel, whose return from the great Western Republic, which Bonapart thought to reach in vain, follows the fall of the Third Napoleon and his flight from France. The lament for the great conqueror was rung through all the valleys of Ireland, but in the northern provinces a still more vivid memory bound them to the hero he had despised. Belfast had been the shining and burning light of democratic Republicanism. The oil was supplied from the fount of Dissent, and the match from the flames of the Bastile. In that northern town, the Volunteers had sprung to life, there also began the first club of United Irishmen, and thence radiated a warm democratic fervor which long characterized the majority of the men of Ulster. Almost every Presbyterian clergyman was a centre or contributor, for the Begum Donnan had not yet frozen "the genial current of their souls," nor chill penury "repressed their noble rage." The Rev. Mr. Mitchel, like most of his brethren, was a United Irishman, and when, in aftertimes, his son fell bound to protest against O'Connell's denunciation of the Society and the employment of physical force, he thrilled even his opponents by a reference to his father's faith. Not far from O'Cahan's Castle of Dungiven, young Mitchel grew up in a sort of intellectual border land, where the newest ideas of France and of America were mingled with old memories which breathed from every ruined fort and spoke in the echoes of every Gaelic glen. If those tended to make him a Republican, these captured his heart from cosmopolitanism, and made him revere a defeated race and adore his native land. The O'Cahans had been vassals of O'Neill, and officiated with the O'Hagans, in the inauguration of the chief, upon the Royal Throne. Born on their territory, Mitchel gave the tribute of his intellect, and placed the principle of O'Neill upon a pedestal loftier than, when standing upon Tullaghog, he surveyed his territory from Lough Neagh to Strabane. Whilst his son was still a child, the Rev. Mr. Mitchel left the mountains of Donegal, and crossed Tyrone to the more fertile soil and busier slopes of Newry. In 1830 Trinity College opened its doors to a new student, whose short life had already witnessed the passing of the Relief Act, and who a few years later founded the Viceroy in Dublin, the Whigs from their Conciliation Hall, and the previous session, with a following of forty-five, but now entered on five years of that trial of Whig promises which terminated with the formation of the Loyal National Repeal Association in 1840. Then he visited Belfast, but its soul was possessed of a desire to go North of Newry, there was a journal which advocated the cause of Repeal, except the *Belfast Finder*, then edited by Charles Gavin Duffy, another northerner destined to enter with Mitchel into close fellowship, to undergo a voluntary banishment to the Antipodes, and whose second return to Ireland paid a visit to Dublin in 1842, there was a proposal made him by two young but stout-hearted, Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon, that he should undertake the editorship of a projected weekly organ. He consented, and a few months later, that of literature sprang up in the lands, clothing with lively form, a dry body of history, giving a new voice to the wives and hills, and their fathers who had striven for legislative independence, the Catholics to welcome and encourage their adhesion. The spirit of national conciliation permeated all classes for a time, and when after a series of wonderful mass-meetings, the great Tribune was cast into prison, and covered with contempt as the "holy criminal," there was an indignant rally to his side from all classes and all creeds.

This was the which first called John

Mitchel from his native North, to an interview with Daniel O'Connell. He came, the bearer of an address from a public meeting of the men of

County Down, one of the most Protestant districts in Ireland. It was a strange meeting. In the midst of the prison garden rose a handsome sentry, surmounted by a great flag; within stood the majestic figure of the popular Tribune—the Liberator, as they fondly called him—welcoming with gracious gesture and genial smile the thronging deputations. There was an infinite capacity of thought revealed by his broad brow and deep brain, whilst the mobile features and brilliant eye, marked the man apt at repartee, gifted with might to call a slave to manhood, and yet the greater power of allaying a passionate people's wrath. To him the more rigid northern with classic features reserved manner, and saucier humor presented his address, withdrawing after a cordial greeting. That was their first meeting, and, though hedged by prison walls, the scene was one of triumph. Their last meeting was different in every circumstance.

This visit was a turning point in Mitchel's life. It drew close the bonds of his acquaintance with Davis, until the close friendship and admiring regard thus formed overshadowed his existence. The influence of that gifted writer inured him to undertake to edit a volume for the projected Library of Ireland," and he naturally chose the biography of Hugh O'Neill, whose principality from Limerick to Blackwater was familiar to him. Constant counsel increased their intimacy and their feelings went together, when wanted of paradox. Davis gave him the "Artillerist's Manual," saying this is what they should begin to study. But suddenly, in 1845, Thomas Davis died. No man more than he seemed to have won the affection of his fellow, whether opponents or acquaintances. The great Tribune wept for him among the mountain solitudes of Kerry, as for a son. Mitchel, in the North, mourned him, as one among many only dearer, dearest brothers admired for his genial and loved for his kindness of heart. But his word should be filled in the editorship of the *Nation*, and Mitchel was chosen to succeed his departed friend. If the journal lost some qualities, it lost nothing in force. Most young writers of the day heighed the cloak of Carlyle had fallen upon them, and showed some remnant of probity; but Mitchel was saved from any undue influence by originality of mind, intentness of purpose, and a sarcastic humor which whetted his incisive style.

The consequence of this change soon became manifest. The Ulsterman, born to rights, not accorded to all, bred up in the enjoyment of privileges from which the Catholics had long been debarred, had not been trained to can- tions: reticence and long waiting. When an English writer denounced Ireland he retorted with a denunciation of England. His spirit was as proud as his voice as free, as the best of them and he felt intolerable that their reckless vi- tuperation of all things Irish should be passed over in silence. The London Ministerial journal, when thus expounding the wickedness of Irishmen, advocated coercion, and took trouble to show that the railways then being made would bring every part of the island within a few hours' drive of Dublin, and make the provinces of easy access to troops. Mitchel, through the *Nation*, retorted, that railroads could be made impassable, troops intercepted on them, and that rails could be hammered into spike-heads. The government could not understand such a repartee. Duffy was indicted, to advise the peasantry to consider whether they should not repeat the anti-tithe tactics, and organize a general strike against rent, until they had secured a sufficiency of food. These views he expressed in the *Nation*, but, finding that Duffy, his proprietor, could not induce his project of passive resistance, with an occasional conflict, he left the journal in company with his friend Devin Reilly. They advocated this programme orally in club and committee, until Smith O'Brien, hastening to Dublin, introduced certain resolutions into the Confederation dis- avowing their views, and objecting to the use of arch language in the organization. John Mar- tin presided, and the resolutions were passed after two days' debate, in which all the Young Ireland chieftains opposed the two friends, with the exception of Eugene O'Reilly, afterwards a Turkish colonel. In consequence of this decision, Mitchel and his adherents, to the number of two hundred, withdrew from the Confederation. Thus the secesion from the newspaper, which took place in December, 1847, was followed two months later by the secession from the Confederation, on the 5th of February, 1848. Mitchel resigned his office of Inspector of Clubs in Ulster, where numerous Repeal organizations had been formed among both Protestants and Catholics. On the following Saturday appeared the first number of the *United Irishman*. The excitement it caused was extreme; the demand for it enormous; for, as Lord Stanley stated in the House of Commons, copies were eagerly purchased for half a crown apiece.

Mr. Mitchel had soon after occasion to deliver another address to another imprisoned Irishman.

The Repeal members had resolved to remain in home in Dublin, and declared that even if a call of the House were made, the burgess-at-arms should seek them in Conciliation Hall. They went over, however, to oppose coercion, and the opportunity was taken to make some of them committee. O'Connell and his son gave evidence, and the trial was then adjourned. The Whigs, on their return to office, held our documents in consequence of these divided counsels. A warm address was sent by the "Eighty-Two Club" to O'Brien, and John Mitchel was appointed one of the deputies. He saw his countrymen confined in the collar, and the scutellar, he has said, is the only price of the Houses of Parliament he has ever visited. The Whigs, on their return to office, held our documents in consequence of these divided counsels. A warm address was sent by the "Eighty-Two Club" to O'Brien, and John Mitchel was appointed one of the deputies. 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# THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

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## Reviews.

"IRISH NATIONAL MAGAZINE."

The Irish National Magazine for September is to hand, and is fully up to the high literary and patriotic standard which it has already achieved. It opens with a poem by William H. Laughlin, which, though thoughtful and not lacking in some fine diction, is scarcely up to the mark of what we would expect from the muse of Erin. The same may be said of the remainder of the poetry in this number; and, indeed, in the friendliest possible spirit of criticism, we would suggest a little more care in this respect for the future. It is not that the verses are in themselves inferior, but they might be so much better. Next comes "The Valley of the Innocents," by G. H. Jessop—a semi-character sketch, told with a realistic air which gives an interest apart from incident. The Irish peasant who foregoes his revenge for the sake of a treasured memory, and the agent who has reduced a bright present to a hallowed past, are the actors in the following scene:

Well, I suppose he thought it was all over then, for he begged his life no more, but knelt there, his lips moving. He was praying, maybe. But I have heard it was pitiful to see him, as the shadow of the tree was most touching his own—to see him shrinking away (for he dare not move) to make his wretched life a few moments longer. At last the two shadows touched and he could lean no further away. He heard the sharp click of the lock as Con cocked the gun, and he kneeled up straight again out of his bent position, and the shadows were well blended in the road.

"O'Hara," says he, and his voice was firmer than it had yet been, "I begin to recognize justice and the finger of God in this. A wild justice, maybe, but I've been a wicked man and deserve this awful fate. I'm ready now, but I want you to do one thing for me, the last favor I shall ever ask mortal man. I don't deserve much at your hands in the way of kindness, but it is a dying man's request, and that is what an executioner never refuses. Don't you refuse, and I forgive you my death."

"What is it?" said Con, and his voice was hoarse, and his pale face looked paler and troubled in the moonlight.

"Take this to my daughter, or send it to her," said he, pulling the locket from his chain, "and tell her I kissed it and blessed her. Say her name was the last on my lips, and her welfare my last earthly thought. My poor little Bessie!"

Con stood for a moment without speaking, and then dropped the gun with a crash that shook every nerve in the man whose mind was made up to face death.

"I can't do it," said he; "she is a good girl and loves you, if you don't deserve it. It's not for me to leave her fatherless. I hear my own martyred innocents begging your life for her sake. You may go, sir, and thank your daughter and those you murdered for your life."

Mr. Maguire gives us a portion of Dr. Swift's career, which disappoints us by its brevity. However, there is more to come on the same topic. The style is pleasant and the subject well handled. Next comes a story, "An Irish Eviction," which draws a powerful picture of Irish life and a truthful one of Irish character. Like most which take their subjects from poor Erin, this picture has less of lights than shades:

"Oh, once the harp of Innisfall  
Was strong full to tones of gladness,  
But yet it often told tale  
Of more prevailing sadness."

"Con Kane's Experience" continues *facile* principle in point of real constructive merit, though in sustained interest it occasionally falls below the expectation it excites. The following is by no means a bad scene:

The roguish artifice carried away the audience, however, and a new impulse was visible. One very old black man approached, saying he had a dollar, and wished to know how much he could get for it. "Ten times" was the reply. He paid the dollar, and the collector wrote down his name ten times, after which he read out, "Joe Thompson, once; Joe Thompson, twice; Joe Thompson, three times," and so on until he had repeated and counted Joe Thompson ten times. Then addressing the dusky crowd again:

"You see how good it will be for Joe Thompson to have his name go ten times to the white people at the North, who are your only friends, and how they'll know all about Joe Thompson when they read his name ten times;" and the old darky retired joyously, with a loud yah! yah! yah!

Another came on with a dollar, and got ten times, then another and another, until one who had but half a dollar got five times. There was now a general rush for enrollment, when one, who had no money, offered him a ring; Splinter declared it brash, but gave him one name for it. The excitement among the negroes was evidently increasing rapidly. The advantage of having their names sent to the North grew at once into weighty importance, taking their childish understandings by storm; from which the person was about to reap a profitable harvest. But the best speculations are liable to failure, and so it happened in this case, notwithstanding the craft of our reverend trickster.

The following little incident, also, is not without a force and meaning of its own:

I was talking with Barton, when I heard Tim O'Brien beg Sergeant Moran to lend his pipe "for God's sake," as he (Tim) "hadn't had a smoke for two days." Tim got the pipe, filled and placed it between his teeth, proceeded to light a match, and was protruding it carefully between his hands, when—his came a sharpshooter's bullet and took the head off the pipe. The stem remained in his teeth, and he looked at the lighted match the picture of blank disappointment; then slowly taking the stem from his mouth and looking bitterly toward the rebel position, he exclaimed: "Mam, had luck to you, and your health to wear it, that shot that pipe—I hadn't a smoke since yesterevening." There was a general laugh at Tim's misfortune, and even Keeler smiled at it. But the hurricane was now approaching.

"The Irish Army of 1888" has been already laid before our readers; also, "Charles Duffy and John Mitchel in Ireland." Educate, that you may be free! is well written, though it possesses the virtue of brevity carried to an excess. A fine picture of the fresh young Irish girl is contained in the next sketch, "Dermot

O'Caran." The following introduces her:

Over the distant hills, that seemed to blend with the clouds, blew the fresh, healthy breeze, odorous with hawthorn and heath-bloom. In adoration stooped the foliage-wrapped trees, and swayed the grass in the meadows like an agitated sea. And down the pansy-lined path, and over the daisy-decked lea, the voice of Aileen quivered in melting accents, enchanting the voice of an angel.

The tale is not concluded. "Reminiscences of John Collins" are unquestionably amusing, and are as certainly well written. The editorial work throughout is well done, though we would wish to suggest a closer attention on the part of the proof reader: "Amongst our Exchanges" forms quite a feature, and will be of interest to the various journals whose merits are made the most of and whose faults and foibles are very tolerantly dealt with.

## THE HARP.

We have received the September number of *The Harp*, an Irish National magazine, published at Montreal. Its pages have the true patriotic ring, and its literary matter is far above the average. "Kilshanell," a tale of the stirring times of the Union, is written with a care and exact portraiture of character that shows it to be the work of a practiced hand. "A Lesson for All" teaches a truth of such importance to our countrymen that we feel we would not be justified in merely making an extract, and we therefore give it in full:

## A LESSON FOR ALL.

Look most to your spendings. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; the little expenses, like mice in a barn, when there are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads grow bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chimney. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with our mouth; many things pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will stretch, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not dry fluey. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to save it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Under the editorial caption we have a very well written article on "War, the Papacy, and the Church." We have also a short lead on the refusal of Mr. Butt to allow himself to be enrolled a member of the new Liberal Club.

*The Harp* assumes that there are Nationalists in this country who doubt the patriotism of the Home Rule leader, and look on him as only a Liberal in disguise. This is a mistake. We, in common with a large section of Irishmen, regret that the Home Rule movement has drawn away the Irish people on a wild goose chase after the unattainable; but of the patriotic feeling of Isaac Butt we have no more doubt than our contemporaries.

A short biographical sketch of Mr. Mitchell Henry follows, and then another excellent little lesson on "Method in Work." The selections are not the least pleasing feature of *The Harp*, and we notice with pleasure the publication of one of our most beautiful national lays with piano-forte accompaniment.

## The New Factories Act.

The Act of the late session to make better provision for improving the health of women, young persons, and children employed in manufactures, and the education of such children, to which allusion was made in the Royal speech on the prorogation, will take effect on the 1st of January next, and may be cited with the Factory Acts 1833 to 1874. By this Act in 1875 every child under nine is to be employed, and after that year if under ten, except he was lawfully employed before the commencement of 1875 or 1876. With regard to employment and refreshment, it is now provided that a child, young person, or woman (the latter meaning a person of eighteen, or upwards) may be employed in a factory either between six in the morning and six in the afternoon, or between seven and seven. Where the employment is between six A.M. and six P.M. it is not to be continuous for more than four hours and a half without an interval of at least half an hour for a meal, two hours are to be allowed for meals, except on Saturday, and of such time one hour at the least before three o'clock. On Saturday, if not less than one hour is allowed for meals, the employment in any manufacturing process is not to be after one o'clock, or for any purpose after half-past one; if less than one hour is allowed, then the period to be half-past twelve or one o'clock. There are regulations where the employment is between seven A.M. and seven P.M. extending the time in proportion, not being later than two o'clock on Saturday. Regulations are made as to the employment of children in morning and afternoon sets, or for the whole day on alternate days. The hours of work for children, young persons, and women to be simultaneous, and employment during the night forbidden. Notice of the hours of employment, and of meals to be hung up in every factory. Until the 1st of January, 1876, and not afterwards, employment may be enforced for the recovery of the lost time, except as to youths in lace factories. After the 1st of January, 1876, a person of thirteen and under fourteen to be deemed a child, unless an educational certificate has been obtained. After the commencement of the Act the employment of children for longer periods than allowed by this Act is to be repealed as to silk works, with special regulations on the subject. After the 1st of January, 1876, children must attend efficient schools to be declared by the Education Department. The penalty for employing a child, young person, or woman in contravention of the provisions of this Act to be the same as specified in the other statutes.

The following little incident, also, is not without a force and meaning of its own:

I was talking with Barton, when I heard Tim O'Brien beg Sergeant Moran to lend his pipe "for God's sake," as he (Tim) "hadn't had a smoke for two days." Tim got the pipe, filled and placed it between his teeth, proceeded to light a match, and was protruding it carefully between his hands, when—his came a sharpshooter's bullet and took the head off the pipe. The stem remained in his teeth, and he looked at the lighted match the picture of blank disappointment; then slowly taking the stem from his mouth and looking bitterly toward the rebel position, he exclaimed: "Mam, had luck to you, and your health to wear it, that shot that pipe—I hadn't a smoke since yesterevening." There was a general laugh at Tim's misfortune, and even Keeler smiled at it. But the hurricane was now approaching.

"The Irish Army of 1888" has been already laid before our readers; also, "Charles Duffy and John Mitchel in Ireland." Educate, that you may be free! is well written, though it possesses the virtue of brevity carried to an excess. A fine picture of the fresh young Irish girl is contained in the next sketch, "Dermot

## PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

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### JOLLY NASH,

comic singer, has sailed from Liverpool for New York.

ap14-15

### THREE Republicans have been elected at Lille, France, defeating the Legitimists.

ap14-15

### THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA has postponed

for eight days time in Havana and for ten

